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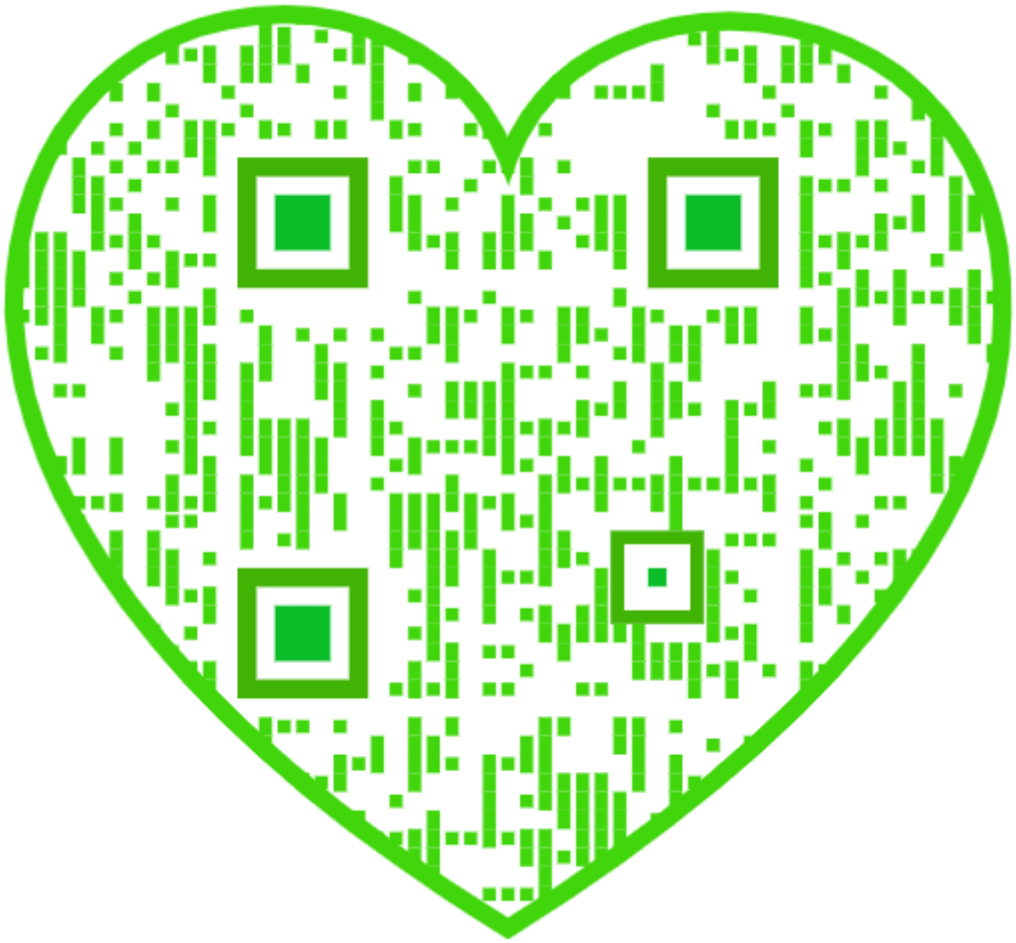

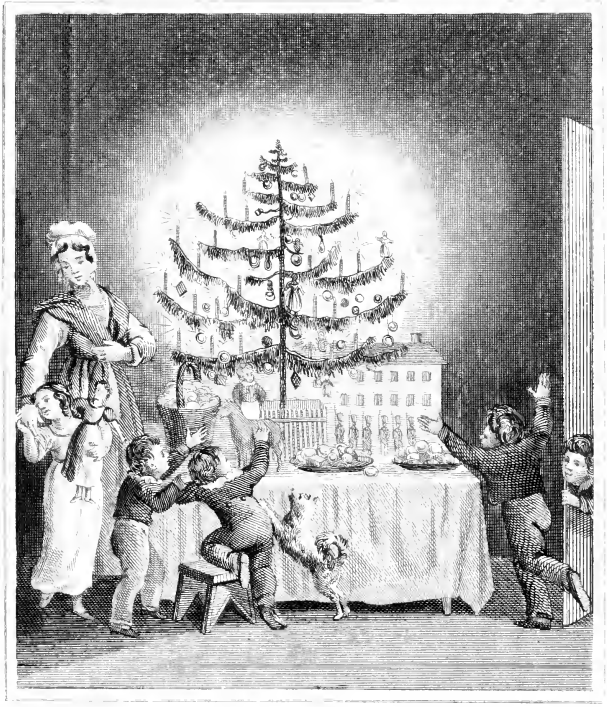

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE

STRANGER'S GIFT.

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

EDITED BY

HERMANN BOKUM,

Instructor in Harvard University.

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CONTENTS.

Dedication, ... 7
Introduction, ... 9
The Arrival, ... 12
The American Germans, ... 23
The American Dutch, ... 40
The Environs of the Mohawk, ... 54
New England, ... 66
The German Emigrant, ... 80
The Stranger's Hope, ... 88
Conclusion, ... 101

Euch zu gefallen war mein höchster Wunsch,
Euch zu ergetzen war mein letzter Zweck.
Wer nicht die Welt in seinen Freunden sieht,
Verdient nicht, dass die Welt von ihm erfahre.

Goethe's Tasso.

THE STRANGER'S GIFT.

INTRODUCTION.

It is probably known to many of my readers, that in Germany, Christmas time is rendered peculiarly interesting and delightful, by the combination of many religious and social blessings and enjoyments; that almost every family has its Christmas tree covered with a hundred lights and many beautiful gifts, and surrounded generally by a little group of happy beings, and that friends and neighbors with holy rapture then remind each other of the blessed tidings that "the Saviour is born." These and many similar customs which have been handed down from antiquity, and preserved by the kindly disposition of the people, are probably generally known; but only he whose childhood has been passed in Germany, can know how fondly the heart loves to dwell again and again on these successive celebrations.

The time may have gone by, when you counted the number of your years by the several Christmas trees, which, as if by enchantment, flourished every year with new lights and new gifts, but not so the childlike spirit which a parent's love then planted in your hearts. The mother's eye, in which the reflection of the child's joy shone with increased splendor—as on the smooth surface of the lake, the image seems more beautiful than the object which it represents,—that eye may have closed forever; but the scenes on which it once smiled, and the intensity of affection which these scenes served to excite and foster in the child, have not passed away. They have pervaded his whole being; they have filled him with enthusiasm for every good and perfect deed, and—however lonely he may appear—they are his constant and delightful companions, which seem to become dearer to him in the same degree as the world around him is incapable of enjoying them with him.

As the dangerous roads and steep precipices which threatened the wanderer on his ascending course, appear like smooth paths on the margin of beautiful rivers and lakes, when he has reached the top of the high mountain, so does each new anniversary of these domestic festivals become a season of serene repose, in which all the joys of your past life, and the many sorrows which have been turned into joys, present themselves; and the

simple fact that they are *past* seems to confer on them new life and beauty. Desirous of shadowing forth to others, by some outward act, the happiness which you yourself enjoy, you make again some humble gift the faint emblem by which you express to the friends who have sped your homeward course, how much you owe to their love.

It is to recollections like these that the Stranger's Gift owes its origin. It is offered to those who have cheered the stranger's path through the foreign land, and who, in return, will kindly receive this token that they are remembered by him. He approaches them once more as a *stranger*, since at the time of Christmas, he can only feel at home among the scenes of the past; yet he indulges the hope that this Gift will serve to strengthen the ties by which he is united to them, that it will bring him near to many a kindred mind, to whom he is now a stranger in the literal sense of the word, and finally, that the spirit in which this Gift is presented will testify to the truth that we all are but strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

THE ARRIVAL.

Stürzen wir uns in das Rauschen der Zeit,
Ins Rollen der Begebenheit!
Da mag denn Schmerz und Genuss,
Gelingen und Verdruss,
Mit einander wechseln wie es kann,
Nur rastlos bethätigt sich der Mann.——Goethe's Faust.

It was a dark and stormy night of the autumn, 182–, when by the welcome sound of land! land! the crew and passengers of a Hamburg vessel, bound to the harbor of New York, were joyfully assembled on the deck. Not satisfied with the certainty that they had arrived in sight of the continent, many of the passengers seemed to rival each other in eagerly inquiring, who first proclaimed the joyful tidings, what ocular proof might confirm to them this unexpected news, or how great a distance yet separated them from the land; and even the most surly of the crew seemed softened by the joyful excitement, and condescended to satisfy those to whose inquiries he had many a time replied by sending them down to the steerage. Gradually, however, this tumultuous joy subsided, the voices were hushed, and most of the passengers seemed desirous of dwelling on the peculiar associations which that little light in the far distance, "the star in the

ocean," had suggested to them. As that light now appeared, and now again vanished, with every wave by which the vessel was tossed up or down, so did the feelings and views which it had excited in the breasts of the emigrants change and fluctuate unceasingly.

Though the number of Germans who had come over in that vessel was but small, the nature of their occupations, and of their intellectual cultivation, was probably far more different than is generally the case in those vessels which are almost filled with emigrants. The impressions, therefore, which a scene like the one referred to produced on them, after that first moment of general rejoicing, were almost as various as their different modes of life. There is one whom, from his dress and accoutrements, you would judge to be a sportsman by profession: he has stretched himself on the deck, reclining his head very unceremoniously on the body of his dog, who is to protect him against the savages in the American wilds, and to afford him support by hunting the beasts of the forest, if the importations from Europe should not prove sufficient. His head is filled with wild and pleasing anticipations, and the very indistinctness with which they present themselves to his mind, seems to form the principal cause of his joy. His foolish enterprise will hardly call forth a smile from you. But there are others who will better reward your

attention. The thoughts of that merchant, whom, from his peculiarly marked features, dark countenance, and the quick and calculating eye, you would think to be a lineal descendant of Abraham, have returned into their old channel, and with more comfort than ever does he take the last price-current from his pocket, and compare its data with the amount which he has laid out in the enterprise which now carries him to America; and the glittering and bright appearance of the light, which the vessel is now rapidly approaching, reminds him of the golden earnings which this adventurous passage of the Atlantic is to secure to him. Little is he disturbed by the loud and animated conversation of the peasant's family near him. It would hardly have left him unmoved at a moment of less excitement, for he is a kind-hearted man, and has often ministered to their little wants in the course of the voyage: at present, however, his mercantile speculations do not admit of any other thought. That peasant's family consists of father, mother, and seven children, who, as they readily tell you, if you speak to them, have left their native country on account of the multiplicity of oppressions to which they were there exposed. They are all honest, and strong, and willing to work; but their want of pecuniary means has troubled them greatly during the whole of their voyage. Father and mother are far advanced in

years, and therefore not without anticipations of physical evils which may await them in the foreign clime, yet they console each other with the recollection, that they have not come over for their own sakes, but that their children might enjoy the blessings of a free country, and have the produce of their labors secured to them.

Such, and more various still were the thoughts and feelings which occupied the little group of Germans, while a favorable breeze wafted them nearer to the long-desired shore, and the little "sea star" vanished before the light of the rising sun. The multitude and variety of objects which were now presented to them in rapid succession, attracted their attention so greatly that they had little time for composed thought, until they had approached the wharves of New York, and in the crowd which seemed to welcome their arrival, took a hasty farewell of each other.

It was a few days after the scene just described, when one of the Germans who had arrived in that vessel was walking in the streets of Philadelphia, on one of those beautiful autumnal mornings, which in America give an almost unequalled charm to the parting year. It was a Sabbath morning. After having been entirely without the elevating influence of social worship during the whole time of his voyage, he had felt deeply desirous of attending the morning service in an Americo-German church.

The novelty of the scenes around him threatened, however, to prevent his indulging in the serious reflections which his peculiar situation naturally excited; for every new object seemed to him to suggest some inference concerning the habits and the character of the people. When his eye dwelt on the regular and simple structure of the private buildings, and he compared them with the splendor of the public edifices, he ascribed this contrast to the democratic principle which is hostile to every external distinction. He even welcomed this sameness, however wearisome it might be to the eye, since he regarded it merely as an outward type of that political equality, to which the Americans in a great measure, he thought, owe their present greatness. And when the streets became more and more crowded, and he saw the well dressed and sober looking multitudes, who, like him, were obviously proceeding to the house of the Lord, he judged from them of the general character of the people.

In these, and many other premature, though perhaps not entirely unfounded conclusions, he was interrupted by the familiar sounds of his native language, in which he was addressed by the peasant who had come over with him from Germany. The country in which both of them had just entered as strangers, became of course the subject of conversation; but even the youthful and enthusiastic

German was startled at the emotion with which the peasant replied to the question, how he was pleased with America.

"Oh, we are poor," exclaimed he, "and our prospects are very dark; but we are no longer unhappy. There is a feeling of joy in us which is inexpressible; and it seems as if the very air in this country were lighter than anywhere else. We feel so free!"

His countryman was about to express his sympathy with his companion, and to remind him, in a friendly spirit, that in his new relations, he ought not to be satisfied with this vague feeling of freedom and independence, but to endeavor to become a *freeman*, in the true sense of the word, when their attention was attracted by the tones of an organ, issuing forth from a large edifice at which they had then arrived. A hymn was played which, in America, seems to have become naturalized under the singular name of "Old Hundred," but which to a German is familiarly known as one of the best compositions of that man of God, Martin Luther. It produced a thrilling effect on our German friends, by the many associations which it excited, and without further parley, they followed the well known sounds.

It is but little known or felt what a powerful and beneficial influence a foreign religious service has upon the character of the emigrant. If you should

sometimes enter such places of worship, and see the thoughtful and serious countenances with which they listen to their preacher, now bending far over the gallery, that not a single word of the sermon may escape them, and now slowly rising in order to prevent the slightest wandering of their thoughts; if, on such occasions—unlike the custom of most of the American churches—you should hear the whole congregation joining in the singing of a German hymn, and by the heaven-ascending tones of their voices taking each of them a part in realizing the object for which they have come there, you would almost feel inclined to the opinion that there is a deeper spirit of devotion prevailing in these little foreign flocks, than is generally the case in your own churches; nor are you perhaps greatly mistaken. It is not only the consciousness that religion, "the home of the spirit," is now their only home, which serves to produce a deep and salutary influence on them; there are many peculiar circumstances combining, which serve to excite a deep, solemn feeling in their hearts. Sometimes it is the mere fact, that though in a foreign land, they are enjoying religious instruction in their own native tongue; or it is some simple, well known adage, peculiar to them, by which religious truth is brought home to their hearts with almost irresistible force; or some allegories and pictures borrowed from their native country; or some striking refer-

ence to certain customs and habits, which, in a christian point of view, distinguish them favorably from other nations. It is by these and many other means, which he alone has at his command, that a faithful foreign divine may succeed in exciting peculiarly deep and lasting convictions, when addressing his countrymen on a foreign shore.

Our friends richly experienced the powerful effects of these spiritual blessings, and when they met again after the service, the old peasant said with deep feeling, that he could not realize the thought that he had actually entered a foreign land.

It is not, however, the German service in the Lutheran and Reformed churches alone, which in Philadelphia has produced a most favorable influence on the German emigrants, and has made them almost forget that they have left their father-land behind; there has, likewise, some attention been paid to their intellectual culture. The German school connected with the Lutheran church, kept by an experienced teacher, and carefully fostered by the Lutheran divines connected with that church, is in a flourishing condition; the German Charitable Society has procured a very select library of 5000 volumes, consisting of the standard works in English and German literature, which is every year more or less increased, and in the Foreign Library there is another small, though very

fine collection of German books. It is by such judicious steps, that the European emigrant gradually ceases to be a foreigner to the land of his adoption; it is by furnishing him with the necessary religious and intellectual instruction in his own native language, as long as he is yet incapable of understanding any other, while at the same time every effort is used to teach him the language, and with it the views and feelings of his American brethren,—it is by such means alone, that the emigrant will be truly naturalized. Suffer him to look back with a feeling of love and longing to the land of his birth, and fear not to foster that feeling by allowing him to serve the Lord in his own manner, but teach him likewise to implant the same principle in his children, who are united to this hemisphere by the same ties which bind him to the other; teach him that though he may not hand down the name of the country to which he once belonged to his posterity, he may leave them a name by which all nations shall finally know each other.

Though in a somewhat different manner, similar trains of thought had suggested themselves to the young stranger, whom we have introduced to the acquaintance of our readers, when, in the afternoon of the Sabbath referred to, he had been desirous of attending the foreign service in the little Swedish church near the Delaware,—the oldest house of

worship in the city of Philadelphia. The ancient and somewhat decayed appearance of the little brick building, when contrasted with the far more modern steeple, bore testimony to its antiquity, as far as that term can be applied to anything in America, and as a monument of the past, made a pleasing impression on the stranger. In one respect, however, he was disappointed. The descendants of the Swedes who originally built that church, had intermingled so entirely with the American population that even the Swedish language was unknown to them. The service was performed in English. In the interior of the building, the Swedish countenances of the winged cherubs opposite the pulpit, supporting a volume in which the Lord's prayer was inscribed in the Swedish language, seemed to be the only remains of the foreigner who once worshipped there; and but little more could our German friend discover on the cemetery which surrounded the church. It was but with difficulty that he decyphered a few Swedish names on tomb-stones which were covered with the moss of a hundred years. "If such is the fate of the stranger in this land," said he mourning to himself, "it were better to relinquish all attempts at preserving our worship. We also shall dwindle away as the Swedes have before us, and our very children will feel as strangers towards us." It was, however, but a short time that he suf-

fered himself to be carried away by these sad reflections. "It is but to our perishing bodies, and to the name which they bear, that they will be strangers; for if they have served here indeed their father's God, they will be his friends and our friends, forever. Even now, with the eye of faith, we may see these graves opening, and multitudes issuing forth, who have served here the Lord in spirit and in truth. We may see them approaching the mercy-seat, and hear a mighty voice saying—"The Lord preserveth the stranger." And many blessed spirits who have been near them during their short earthly course, are following in their heaven-bound path; and again the voice is heard, saying—"I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

More edified by these reflections than by the English sermon, which in part had been unintelligible to him, the young stranger returned to his new home full of bright hopes and prospects, and with the intense desire of acting his part in realizing them.

THE AMERICAN GERMANS.*

Jeder, der in einer Sache den ersten Anfang macht, oder, nach dem sprüchwörtlichen Ausdruck, das Eis bricht, hat das unveräusserliche Recht einzelne Fehler zu begehen; d. i. kein billig Denkender wird ihm dergleichen hoch anrechnen.—SCHLOETZER'S NESTOR.

Every man who makes a beginning in any matter, or, according to the proverbial expression, "breaks the ice," has the inalienable right to commit some faults; that is, no fair-minded person will bring him to a too strict account.

You have probably, kind reader, asked occasionally to be admitted to the little circular aperture of some popular panorama, and with the assistance of the experienced interpreter, whose art, in Germany, is in particular demand at Christmas time, you have seen the most beautiful representations of cities and landscapes, so quickly passing your view that it was almost entirely out of your power to ascertain the truth of the descriptions you received from its enterprising proprietor. Indeed, the latter seemed to know his tale so well, that you might see him count the number of those who, at your right and left, were waiting for admission, without being at a loss even for a single

* A great portion of the matter contained in this chapter was laid before the American Institute of Instruction, at their last session, and some other passages have been taken from a Review written by the author, and published in the seventh volume of the Christian Spectator. The modifications which some of the views there expressed have undergone, are partly to be ascribed to the connection in which they are now presented to the public.

word. How dissatisfied did you feel, when finally the little window was closed, and you found yourself almost incapable of recalling any of the diminutive panoramas which you had seen; and how readily would you have doubled the fee, in order to see it over again, if such indulgence had not interfered with the rights of your neighbors.

It is with a similar feeling that I now look back upon the many and various views which America has presented to me; and if it were possible, I likewise would willingly go once more over the same ground, before I describe any part of it. There is one picture, however, which, like the paintings of the ancient masters, seems to have gained in distinctness and vividness in the course of time, and of which I shall now attempt to draw the most striking features.

Climate and habit combine, in Germany, to make social pedestrian excursions an agreeable and very general means of becoming acquainted with the country, with the people and with yourself, while in America, excessive heat and continual changes of weather, but particularly the influence of the political and mercantile element on the social character of the people, prevent them from enjoying, in any great degree, the physical and intellectual advantages which a walk of several hundred miles affords. It was by pedestrian excursions that Thales, Pythagoras, and all the sages of antiquity, gained new wisdom, and the apostles,

I doubt not, new strength and zeal for the holy work. It is likewise pedestrianism, I venture to add, and other hardening exercises, by which our modern sages and divines might be benefited, at least as far as their physical welfare is concerned, if they would practice them at an early period of their lives. There is a reviving power in the feeling with which you cast off for a time the regular and ever-returning cares which from day to day have fettered you down. The very recollection of it fills your breast with youthful vigor, and by arming you with new strength for the discharge of your duties, teaches you at the same time how to enjoy them.

It was on one of these extensive pedestrian excursions that I first became acquainted with the German settlements in the interior of Pennsylvania. They are called German because the land was originally occupied by German emigrants, and because those who now own it are descended from them, and are thought to retain the use of the German language, though in many parts of the interior a native of Germany will find it very difficult to recognise his mother-tongue. But a very small portion have carefully fostered those principles of religious and intellectual cultivation which they imbibed in their own country. The greater portion have not only been deprived of the light which their forefathers enjoyed, but have been likewise excluded

in a great measure from the influences which operate favorably on the religious, moral and intellectual state of the American people.

It is well known that the great mass of the first German settlers consisted of redemptioners, who fled from the oppression to which they had been subject in their native country. It is also known that by perseverance and industry, they succeeded in benefiting the country which had received them hospitably, and that they obtained a rich return from the produce of their agricultural labors. But it is far less known how little their religious and moral state corresponds to their physical well-being. The frequent and entire want of instruction, the necessity of gaining their livelihood by great and uninterrupted efforts, and the slow but certain reward which they obtained from the ground they cultivated, has been the cause that they seem to have become incapable of raising their eyes from that ground to Him who gave them both to will and to do according "to his good pleasure." The situation of their ministers almost prevents their usefulness, when they have to attend to the spiritual wants of six or seven congregations; and attempts at extending to them other means of instruction have but too often met with decided opposition, and have sometimes excited the most unexpected and unaccountable suspicions. A very devoted and benevolent friend of mine, for instance,

endeavored sometime since to form a Sabbath school near the banks of the Lecha. For a long time he could not ascertain why his efforts were so little encouraged, until he finally was informed that he was suspected of forming this school with a view of increasing the tolls of the bridge over which the children had to pass. The state of morality, it may be easily imagined, cannot be a very high and devoted one where religion has so little practical influence. Though the love of self does in some cases apparently supply the want of the purer principles of a heart-felt religion, though—thanks to habit and constitution—they fulfil conscientiously many of the common duties of life, there is yet no pledge sufficiently sacred by which they might be prevented from trespassing as often as opportunity and inclination should tempt. It is not the law of God, but the law of man which they respect; and he who does not incur the penalty of the latter may habitually sin against the former, and yet enjoy the respect and support of his neighbors. In short, we are ever and ever reminded here of the poet, who well observes, that

> "Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen;
> But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

When you enter the sequestered valleys, and approach the habitations of the early settlers, where

every new view presents an enchanting picture, and every step suggests a poetical thought, as long as you are only occupied with inanimate nature, the almost entire want of elevation in the character of the inhabitants of these beautiful regions forms but too sad and striking a contrast.

This general want of moral excellence, however, becomes most obvious to the eye of the stranger, when it is openly exhibited by those, whose duty it is to be the foremost in opposing the current; when the intemperate and the dissolute foreigner is entrusted with the education of the young, and when thus his own vices are engrafted on the susceptible minds of his pupils. Even now you may imagine, that you see one of these unfortunate beings slowly moving along on the hilly road. He seems uncertain whether he is to enter the village before him, when suddenly his eyes meet with an advertisement which he sees nailed over the door of the little village-church. A teacher is wanted, he finds, who is able to read and to write; the committee of examination is to meet at nine o'clock in the schoolroom. Just then he hears the village clock striking, and without further hesitation he enters the room appointed. After he has given them a fictitious account of his own merits, a newspaper is handed to him, which he reads without difficulty; he is then made to copy a certain portion of it, and satisfies the examinators beyond description. They

are about to consult whether they ought to give him the appointment, when he inquires with a satirical smile, whether their children are not to be instructed in cyphering. "Certainly," replies one; "Most undoubtedly," another. "Then please to examine me on the Rule of Three." "The rule of three?" asks the speaker, with a ghastly countenance, and moves slowly backward. "The rule of three!" re-echoes the whole council; and succeeding in gaining an advance of their leader, the candidate is finally left alone with the children, who have been merry spectators of the scene.

Where cases of this kind are of frequent occurrence, where ignorance and immorality, when armed with impudence and protected by hypocrisy, may obtain the most unlimited influence over the minds of parents and children, there it is a matter of congratulation, that the schools are only open during three or four of the winter months, since during the remainder of the year, the labor of most of the children is wanted on the farms of their parents; nay, it may be considered a fortunate circumstance, that many of the Germans are opposed to having their children read and write, because they think that it opens the way to every kind of iniquity. At the same time, however, there is much reason for sorrow on account of this strong opposition to every attempt at introducing among them a sound and general system of education.

But a few years ago an attempt was made in Pennsylvania to gain the influence of the rich German farmers in favor of a system of taxation, as it has been established in some of the New England States. "If we have a general system of taxation," was their short but logical reply, "the children of the rich and the children of the poor will have the same means of being educated. It is likewise certain, that the children of the poor will have time to go to school, while the children of the rich are employed eight months out of twelve on their farms. The children of the poor therefore will obtain three times as much learning as the children of the rich. In the course of time they will be sent to Congress, they will obtain all the good offices, and finally will rule over the children of the rich.—This shall never be the case!"

If after these preliminaries you should yet be desirous, my reader, to become more intimately acquainted with them,—if you should wish to visit them at their fire-side, and to listen to their social effusions, you will be still more confirmed in the conviction, that the state of the great majority of the American Germans does not admit of any extended comparison with the general character of either America or Germany. Although the little cottage which you are about to enter is unadorned and even unpainted from without, and generally thrown into shade by the spacious and extensive

barn, which you see by its side, you will find that its interior is not without all the substantial physical comforts to which you may have been accustomed. Nor is the reception with which you meet,—however rough and unceremonious,—wanting in heart-felt hospitality. Soon, however, you are strongly reminded, that in one sense of the word at least, you are not at home. The wild hunter, you hear, has last night been holding his spectral chase through the forest, and has made himself known to the inhabitants of the cottage by a strange clapping of the window-shutters, nor has the horse-shoe which you saw fixed over the out-door proved a sufficient protection against the visitors of the *Blocksberg*. Finally, a blue light which has been seen for several successive evenings in an adjoining meadow, seems to suggest very naturally the question, whether the inmates of the house should sally forth that evening, and dig for secret treasures. The consultation, however, is interrupted by the sudden indisposition of one of the family. The powwow-physician is called, for Indian and German superstitions have become intimately associated in the minds of your hosts. On a tripod in one corner of the room, pieces of wood are placed according to the peculiar laws of the doctor's art; and by the burning of a charm, the patient is to be freed from every pain.

The amusement, however, which at first these strange proceedings afforded to you, is soon supplanted by feelings of sorrow and compassion, which the conduct of your hosts naturally excites in you, and you turn round to the book-shelf, to seek there relief from the humiliating trains of thought which these occurrences have suggested to you. The Bible, some books on dreaming and witchcraft, and one or two German newspapers, form the whole stock. In glancing at the latter, you meet with another piece of Americo-Germanism—German words with English terminations, or the reverse. Their intercourse with Germany, however, has obviously been interrupted for many years, since the few new thoughts, which the progress in science and art has conveyed to them, are entirely expressed in the English language. To this circumstance, and to the fact, that the language which the American Germans speak is not a written one, its utter want of euphony is to be ascribed. Every written language has peculiar laws of formation and sound, according to which, terms which are taken from other languages may become naturalized. It is very different with a language which is spoken only in a community in which there is no general intercourse. The elements which they borrow from other languages or dialects remain foreign ingredients, both in regard to structure and sound.

But to return to our newspaper. It was at first only the strange mixture of German and English words and terminations which attracted your attention more than the matter itself. But how great is your astonishment, when you find that the political news which the paper contains, is the very opposite of what you happen to have read the very same day in an English morning paper. Where such glaring deceptions can be practised, you have reason to conclude that even those who know how to read, are greatly in danger of becoming the tools of designing men; and a second glance at the paper seems to establish this fact. You meet there with a petition which opposes the interests of education, and yet many of the signers have been compelled to make three crosses, because they are unable to sign their names!

It is now time, however, to leave the cottage. You part from your kind-hearted hosts with a hearty shake of the hand, and gladly accept a seat in the wagon of an old farmer from a neighboring settlement, whose company, you have reason to hope, will be a source of instruction to you. At first, however, you are not successful. In vain do you endeavor to imitate the compound of several low German dialects in which he addresses you, and which, from an entire want of cultivation, has so much degenerated, and has become so greatly alloyed with the colloquial English, that frequently it is

almost wholly unintelligible to a German directly from Europe, and accustomed only to the High German, and to one or two of the Low German dialects. To speak in the language of Shakspeare, they seem to have been at a great feast of languages and to have stolen the scraps. Having failed entirely in your attempt, and finding the farmer as unable to understand your High German, you are compelled to have recourse to the English language, though it may prove but a very imperfect medium.

Your new acquaintance now proves to be much more communicative than you have generally found the Germans on your tour. You justly praise his horse, and he speaks to you in return of forty other horses, which he has in his stable, of the land which he owns, and which extends as far as you can see, and of his grown up children, for whom he has bought several other farms in his immediate vicinity. Finally, however, the conversation takes a political turn, and he proclaims himself as a thorough-going Anti-Jackson man. You had expected the contrary, since most of the Germans were in favor of General Jackson's administration, although the veto which he had put on the United States Bank had given rise to much difference of opinion.

"It is probably on account of the Veto, that you are opposed to the administration?"

"Veto! What Veto?"

"The President's Veto against the United States Bank."

"United States Bank! What United States Bank?"

He had never heard of either, partly because he, like many other Germans, had a great prejudice against paper money, and partly because he could not read.

"And were you then in favor of John Quincy Adams?"

"No, indeed! No one who has had anything to do with the stamp act ought to be elected President."

"With the stamp act!—You are mistaken; it was John Adams who once thought of introducing stamped paper."

"John Adams!" exclaimed the politician, with a smile which was intended to express his conviction how well he was informed. "And do I not know, that this is the same man, and that he has only put in Quincy in order to make people believe that he is a different one?"

"You are most certainly mistaken," is your reply. "I am intimately acquainted with the history of the two gentlemen, and I assure you of the contrary."

"I know very well that you are honest in your opinion," retorts the farmer with great composure, "but I know as well that you are mistaken;" and without admitting any further reply, he leads his

horse to the stable, where he now has arrived, and fully convinced of his infallibility in point of politics, he disappears within the walls of his cottage.

Such are some of the results which a pedestrian excursion into the heart of the German settlements presents to us. It is only from time to time that we meet with oases, as it were, in these fields, which are as barren and neglected in point of intellectual culture, as they are fruitful and abundantly productive in agricultural respects. There are a small number of institutions, which have been mostly founded by those who have been brought up in the midst of the Americo-German population, but who, by a constant intercourse with Germany, and with the most intelligent portion of the English community, have preserved themselves free from the evil influences by which they are surrounded. They have founded seminaries and colleges, and have gradually gained the confidence of their German neighbors, whom they alone are able to approach. Their lectures are partly delivered in German, and partly in English, and the ministers whom they send forth are likewise taught to preach in either language. Such, for instance, are the institutions at Gettysburg, York, Nazareth, and in a few other places. In Gettysburg, particularly, a spirit of devoted piety, and an enlightened zeal, has been, and is now, exerted in

behalf of the Americo-German population, though their progress is often obstructed by the very population which needs most the persevering efforts of these pioneers.

It is out of the question to think of a strong feeling of sympathy, or of striking points of relationship, between the German emigrants who have enjoyed the common advantages of religious and intellectual cultivation, and those descendants of Germans who, by their language and peculiar situation, have been placed almost entirely beyond the pale of civilization. Seldom, indeed, have I felt so perfectly as a stranger in this fair land, as was the case on my visit to those "Germans."

How very little attention is paid to the foreigners who settle in the United States, and to the German emigrants among the rest, we may judge from the fact, that the very name which is generally applied to the latter, is one which they have no right to claim. They are called "High Dutch," in contradistinction to "Low Dutch," a term which is applied to the emigrants from Holland. The use of these terms probably originated in the fact, that the state of Pennsylvania was partly settled by German emigrants, who first arrived in New York, but left that state, because they could not agree with the Dutch, who then occupied the greater portion of it. As they came from the region of the Dutch settlers, and resembled them in their religious

and social habits, and as the German appellation by which they introduced themselves, both in form and in sound, was similar to the word "Dutch," this latter term was very naturally applied to them. They, however, as has been partly observed before, spoke the Low German, which, as it is not a written language, and is principally spoken by the illiterate and uncultivated, has received various local modifications in almost all the different states of Germany. The inhabitants of the Netherlands, on the other hand, though originally branching out from the Teutonic stock, have had a language and a literature of their own for the last three or four hundred years, while at the same time the political and commercial relations of that country have combined to obliterate the traces of the German origin of this language. Neither the High German, then, nor the Low German, is understood by the Dutch, unless by the assistance of the grammar and the dictionary; and the Dutch or Hollandish is likewise as ill understood by the Germans.

Hudibras, indeed, asserts that the helpmate of the father of the human race was tempted by the serpent in *High Dutch*, and the learned Dietrich Knickerbocker speaks of the tremendous and uncouth sound of the Low Dutch language of a certain crew of Low Dutch colonists; and after having quoted the opinion of certain High Dutch commentators, he goes even so far as to assert that

certain individuals have mentioned a man named Thuiscon, from whom descended the Teutons, or the Teutonic, or in other words, the *Dutch* nation.

But that these and some other English writers have used "High Dutch" and "Low Dutch," instead of German and Dutch, cannot weaken the justness of the distinctions we have made, and which are supported both by philosophical research and by the strength of the best authorities. They have been influenced by a popular error; for such it must be considered, so long as the distinctions which they have made do not present the true state of things, as it exists in Germany and Holland, and while they are in spirit entirely opposed to the terms used by the inhabitants of those countries to which they refer. It may not be irrelevant to add that the term Deutsch, (nearly like Doitch,) and that of Dutch, by their similarity of form, shadow forth the true relation of the two nations to which they belong, just as we should be led to conclude, from hearing of "Britain" and "Bretagne," that the inhabitants of the two countries had a common origin; while the terms High Dutch and Low Dutch would lead us to inferences which are contrary to the actual state of the languages to which they refer. They are neither two dialects of the same great stock, nor terms which refer to the same language, but to a difference of locality.

It is almost needless to add, after this short explanation, that all the intelligent and cultivated German emigrants and Americo-Germans, who have become intimately acquainted with the state of this population, combine in heartily desiring that soon this corrupt dialect of the German language, together with all its evil consequences, may give way to the moral and intellectual light which, for more than a century, has been the source of incalculable blessings to those portions of the United States which have been brought under its influence.

The picture which I have presented here to my readers is one of which, in a great degree, I have collected myself the necessary materials in the almost immediate vicinity of Easton, Reading, Lebanon, Lancaster, and other towns, which originally were settled by Germans, but the population of which has now in a great measure become assimilated with the Anglo-American population, since for a long time past they have been with them in a constant intercourse. It is owing to the vicinity of these towns, and to the gleams of light which from thence are thrown in every direction, that some check is offered to the friends of darkness. It is very different, however, in the Western States, where a scattering and continually increasing foreign population opens a wide and unrestrained field to the adventurous impostor. You may meet there with a Pseudo-Count de Leon, who came to

the land of liberty to establish an independent hierarchico-monarchical society; and though you may see his ultimate end frustrated, after he has completed the ruin of many a deluded family, you will find perhaps some other adventurer more successful in keeping his fellow-men in intellectual and social bondage.

But I refrain at present from enlarging on these deeply interesting topics, since I hope to extend my next pedestrian tour to the German settlements of the far West.

THE AMERICAN DUTCH.

My meaning, in saying he is a good man, is, to have you understand me, he is sufficient.—SHAKSPEARE.

Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he has not eat paper, as it were; he has not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal—only sensible in the duller parts.—Ib.

IT is not uncommon to hear the opinion expressed, that in spite of the great influx of foreigners, which seems to increase with every year, they must soon loose their identity as a distinct community, since they are everywhere surrounded by the American population, and after a few years of residence will always intermingle with them, and completely lose their individual character. Those, however, who hold that opinion, can know but little with how exclusive a spirit most of the emigrants rest not until they have arrived in the neighborhood of those who are similar to them in language and habits, and how the unfavorable influences of such isolated portions of society continue to operate, though for more than a century past there may have been no further emigration from the native land of their fathers.

The present state of the Dutch population in the State of New York partly suggested, and partly con-

firmed in my mind, the general truth of the view here expressed. However I might feel inclined to see in them but the living monuments of the past, which by the creative power of a great writer seem to have been elevated to his poetical sphere, and to have been surrounded with a bright halo, which you would almost think had emanated from them, I yet could not possibly forget that they are *living* monuments, and as such do not deserve only the attention of the poet.

Although I had never before approached the majestic Hudson, I had of course not remained an entire stranger to the various associations which its classical banks must excite in the heart of every true American. You cannot but remember the unfortunate Antony, the sounder of brass, when you pass the place of his last exploit, where his restless ghost, according to the Dutch historian, is still said to haunt the surrounding solitudes, and to mingle the sounds of his trumpet with the howling of the blast; though after you have passed the promontory which derives its name from Anthony's nose, and the various places, which owe their celebrity to Peter Stuyvesant of headstrong memory, you will more readily dwell on the historical events of which the Highlands remind you, and which then serve to throw all poetical associations into shade. This was at least the case with me when I was passing on from the spot, where the traitor's plans were frustrated by

the capture of Andre, to the important post where these plans had been conceived and developed. I lingered for some time near this beautiful though sombre retreat of the Polish patriot, amid the ruins of the past—so rare an enjoyment in this youthful land,—and in the sight of so beautiful prospects, that even now, after having completed many other and extensive journeys, I cannot think of a place to which I would more willingly return than to West Point. I continued my journey up the Hudson in the evening, and could therefore quietly enjoy the beautiful visions of the past. Forests and cities, and all the pleasant views which the banks of the river present in the day-time, were now covered by the dark veil of night; and but here and there some feeble, flickering light might be seen, which from time to time directed us to some new landing place.

It is at such moments, when the outward world gradually recedes from our view, when the objects which belong to external nature present themselves in dim and indistinct outlines, and serve only to afford new materials for the boundless activity of our imagination,—it is at such moments that the inward, the unseen world rises before us with all the glow and splendor of its infinite nature. The spirits of our beloved, who for a time seemed to have parted with us, as they have parted with all earthly joys, are mingling with the forms of far-

distant friends, whom our mortal eyes may never meet again, but who are near us, as soon as *we* are ready to approach them; and they bring with them the beautiful thoughts and never-dying hopes, by which we have become forever united. As the exhalations which rise from the earth are often collected in dense and far-extending clouds, and in sending down refreshing rains on the parched fields, prove grateful children of her who gave them birth, so do such glances into the past show us how, by the developement of our own immortal being, we have become entwined with the lives of those who are dear to us, how we have grown rich ourselves in adding to their growth, and with a feeling of peace which surpasses all knowledge, we exclaim in the language of the poet—

> "Say, what binds us friend to friend,
> But that soul with soul can blend?
> Soul-like were those days of yore,
> Let us walk in soul once more!"

Nor does the light of by-gone days and past joys only rend asunder the mists of the present; it throws at the same time many of its rays on the path before us; it teaches us to flee from the touch of all that is foreign and repulsive to our nature, and to preserve the chain unbroken which with a thousand sacred links unites us to the hour of the past. "The Prophet's mirror hangs far behind him!"

My musings were suddenly interrupted by the cry of "Coxsakie landing," which reminded me that my turn of leaving the steam-boat had now come. Together with two or three other passengers, I was placed in the boat, lowered with incredible rapidity into the river, rowed to the shore, landed with my baggage, and helped into the wagon which was to convey me two miles farther. A few minutes after, the noise to which our arrival had given rise in the little village subsided, the several lights were extinguished, the fire-spouting "nostrils" of our steam-boat could hardly be discerned in the far distance, and I was left at full liberty to admire the combination of great speed and comprehensive arrangement by which the traveller in America is preserved free from many of the vexatious details which impede his course on the continent.

The stillness of the night, and the smooth road on which our wagon now was moving along on the banks of the Hudson, seemed favorable to conversation if my driver should prove a social companion. I opened our intercourse by inquiring whether he could carry me to a Dutch landlord. He replied, there was a *German* tavern-keeper of high repute in Saugerties, the place of my destination, who was a very wealthy and industrious man, and having resided for a very long time in this part of the country, he would no doubt be

able to direct me to the Dutch inhabitants; he likewise added, that his wife was from Dutch descent, and continued to enlarge on their good merits at so much length, that we had reached the door of the tavern before my driver had arrived at the end of his eulogy.

It was on the following morning that I had the pleasure of introducing myself to my German host as his countryman. But for his hair strongly sprinkled with gray, you would not have thought of meeting, on his face, blooming with health and good nature, the marks which sixty-five winters might be expected to have left there. His active habits had probably preserved him from that embonpoint, which seems to belong to his office, and the readiness with which he attended to all your wants, seemed hardly to admit the thought, that it was habit only, and not necessity, which induced him to continue in his present situation.

"A countryman of mine," exclaimed he in tolerable German, I am heartily glad to see you;" then, interrupting himself, he communicated to his wife by the medium of the Dutch, the joyful tidings, that I was not merely descended from German ancestors, but that I had actually come from Germany, and turning again to me, he expressed his desire of being of service to me in a somewhat singular but characteristic manner.

"Certainly, (said he,) we must all die at some time or other, and whatever we have we must leave behind. I intended to work this morning on my farm, but I think it would be better if I were to introduce you to our domine, and afterwards take a round with you; I assure you we have some very fine country here."

It has been said that on account of the entire absence of ranks and orders in America, there is but little opportunity of seeking for distinction by associating with those who in *quality* are elevated above their neighbors; and it is therefore the *quantity* of them which is to make up for this defect; you must know everybody, if you desire to pass for a truly popular man. My host did not seem to form an exception to this general rule, for he prided himself of being acquainted with all the people whom he happened to meet. He would stop from time to time, and now address one in German, now in English, and now again in Dutch, listening to their ready replies with a certain affable and condescending inclination of the head, which plainly showed how conscious he felt of his own importance.

"My horse and wagon are engaged," said he, when we had been informed that the domine of Saugerties was not at home, "but our neighbor will, no doubt, accommodate me, and I will carry you to the next domine."

I readily consented, for I was desirous of becoming acquainted with intelligent and cultivated men, who for many years had resided in the immediate vicinity of the descendants of the Dutch. I was likewise well pleased with my companion, who I found had good reason to say, that "it would be difficult for me to find, in or about Saugerties, another individual, who could speak to me in such pure German, as he did." The dialect of the American Germans whom I met there occasionally, I could understand as little as that of the American Dutch; but I certainly did understand mine host of the Saugerties house,—though not always without difficulty.

We started in our wagon, on one of those delightful mornings when the transparency and perfect purity of the atmosphere seems to invest every beautiful object with additional charms. With every breath you draw, the peace, contentment, and supreme satisfaction which reign in your breast are heightened without your being able to give any reason for it, and without even caring for a reason. Such, at least, was the feeling with which, during the whole of that little excursion along the banks of the Hudson, I beheld at my left that perfect line of beauty in which the Kaatskill mountains are gradually rising, the numerous and ever-changing tints which the golden rays of the sun paint on the verdant meadows and forests with which they are covered, and the diadem of silvery clouds which

encircled their head, while on my right the undulating banks of the Hudson, with its variety of trees, flowers and shrubbery, presented from time to time some beautiful villa, surrounded by ornamented gardens, or by a grove of shadowy elms. It was in the midst of one of these groves, and on an elevation which commanded an extensive view of the Hudson, that the country-seat of our domine was situated.

With the exception of the immediate vicinity of Saugerties, there is probably no other place in the state of New York, where there is yet preaching, once or twice every month, in a corrupt dialect of the Dutch language. However well their ministers may speak Dutch, they are compelled to accommodate themselves, in this respect, to their hearers, in order to be understood by them. There is of course no learned Professor Poddingcoft to be found among them, who might instruct the children of the Dutch through the medium of their own language. Many of them are therefore sent to English schools. In general, however, they do not avail themselves of the advantages which the laws of the state of New York in regard to education are calculated to afford them. My host, who had travelled extensively, remarked with great justice that the almost entire absence of the academies and higher schools with which he had met in New England, had given a very different character to

this portion of the United States. In short, though for many years there have been hardly any emigrations from Holland, the distinct character of these descendants of the Dutch is yet so great that you often imagine to meet with the originals of the graphic pictures which Washington Irving, no doubt, has drawn from life; with settlements where you would look in vain for a newspaper; with Dutch damsels, whose full forms and neat dresses are thrown into shade by the fumes of smoke which issue from their rosy lips, and with Dutch farmers, of whom you may well say "that they certainly will never do anything in a hurry."

Similar causes have produced almost the same state of things on the opposite side of the Hudson, where the descendants of a colony of Germans are found, which originally were sent out by Queen Anne. They occupy the districts of Germantown and Clermont, and have lived there somewhat isolated, because the German emigrants of a later date, unlike Queen Anne's colony, emigrated from Germany of their own accord, and had therefore an opportunity of selecting such lands as suited them best, and where they might hold their lands as proprietors, and not as tenants, as is the case with the greater portion of the descendants of the Dutch and Germans along the Hudson.

Although this almost entire absence of emigration into this part of the country has had a favorable

influence, these settlements are yet far from even approaching the intellectual and religious character of their American brethren. Many of them, after having lost the means of religious knowledge which the preaching in their own language afforded to them, are now without any instruction, since they are unable to understand English preaching. The darkness which is thus gathering round them is now denser than it ever was before, and there is but little reason to believe that the hour before the break of day has arrived.

In the course of a few days, I had become so well acquainted with my kind hosts, that when the time had arrived at which I intended to meet the steamboat, our parting terminated in a little *scene*, in which the younger members of the family played a very active part. During the whole period that I had made Saugerties the centre of my little excursions, the beautiful and lively children of my host had always greeted my return with the loudest manifestations of joy, and vied with each other in proving that though absent, I had not been forgotten. They having now been told that I was not going to return very soon, one of the little girls, with rosy cheeks and fair curls, which in part concealed her sad blue eyes, laid hold on my hand as if she could not suffer me to go, and told me in pretty good German, that she would "always think of me, and if I would call again very soon, I should

find her grown up, and ready to accompany me on my walks."

There is something in the inexperienced eye with which the child looks upon the dimensions of space or the changes of time, which is exceedingly touching. If they see an equestrian leaping with great skill over two horses, they will tell you with great *naivete*, that they might leap over six if they chose; and if you admire the quickness with which the billows of the river are carried along, they boast of being able to arrive in less time at the ocean than the swiftest river. Without experience, unconscious of the evil which it may have to meet on its path through life, and without a memory for the good which falls to its share, the child often plucks the wished-for flower to pieces, when a new joy is thrown in its way. It is, however, this absorbing enjoyment of the present, which makes a child's countenance, when brightening at the coming of the stranger, in many cases, the best thermometer of the degree of attachment by which he is united to its parents; and often when, by conventional rules and worldly cares, their eyes have been dimmed and their sympathies made dull, the unsophisticated child recognizes and gladly meets the approach of a kindred heart, a childlike spirit.

THE ENVIRONS OF THE MOHAWK.

Es trägt Verstand und rechter Sinn
Mit wenig Kunst sich selber vor,
Und wenns euch Ernst ist was zu sagen,
Ist's nöthig Worten nachzujagen?——GOETHE's FAUST.

Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.—SHAKSPEARE.

THE attention with which we ought to receive the first views of the traveller, depends as much on the preparatory knowledge and experience in life with which he sets out on his journey, as on the opportunities for observation which he may enjoy in the country which he visits; but even he who, with a mind that is fully matured and developed, has availed himself conscientiously of all the means of information in regard to this country which a European has at his command, will often hesitate to communicate his first impressions to the world, since he cannot but observe that almost every day presents new aspects and important modifications of opinions and views which he thought established. If it should be out of the power of an intelligent and cultivated American to keep pace with the rapid changes which succeed each other in the different and far distant parts of the United States, if you should see him filled with astonishment, when, for

instance, a place like Buffalo, which twelve years ago was an insignificant and almost demolished village, endows in a few days a literary institution, in the most bountiful manner, how much more then ought a foreigner to hesitate in forming and expressing general views concerning the state of this country, after having resided in it for a few months.

I had approached the thickly settled and well-cultivated environs of the Mohawk by the way of Albany and Schenectady. But rarely do you meet there with some ancient meeting-house and its mouldering steeple, the Dutch inscription of which reminds you of the time when the first settlers of this valley met there on friendly terms with the sons of the wilderness; nay, all the recollections of the past seem to vanish from your mind, when you see the canal crowded with passenger-boats and packets, the public road along the banks of the Mohawk covered with conveyances of every description, the constructing of a railroad rapidly advancing, and every kind of industry and agricultural labor progressing with gigantic strides. Little were the expectations realized—in which I had almost unconsciously indulged—of finding on this part of the Mohawk a great degree of tranquillity, peace and retirement.

There are many who, like the emperor Hadrian, are fond of reading an interesting book while they listen at the same time to a conversation of their

friends, enjoy the beauties of nature, see almost everything that is going on in their presence, and, in short, "have their eyes always open." They may without fear trust their persons to a canal-boat, since they will there have an opportunity of satisfying all their wishes. But there are others who see in a beautiful prospect more than a mere combination of field, forest and river; and their minds often seem to be so exclusively occupied with what they see and feel that they are lost to everything else. The involuntary state of abstraction and perfect unconsciousness to the outer world, in which they are thus placed, defies all exertions by which you may endeavor to rouse them. In this respect they are like those others—though perhaps their number is but small—who, when they have met with a good book, enter so fully into the spirit of the author, that they might be said rather to reproduce than to read the work. May they never enter a canal boat, since as often as they are on deck they will be in imminent danger of coming in contact with one of the numberless bridges, beneath which they cannot pass without making a profound courtesy or a formal prostration. But even those who belong to the first class, and foreigners particularly, who enjoy the happy gift of using at least two of their senses at the same time, as it were, will often be in imminent danger of losing their lives. I have been told—and there is much reason

for believing the account authentic—of a French gentleman who was occupied with his book on the deck of the boat, when the man at the helm seeing him near the bridge, told him in a loud voice to "look out;" the Frenchman started up in order to look out, and to see what was going on, when the boat had reached the bridge, and he was instantly killed, falling thus a victim rather to the wide difference between the literal and figurative sense of the term "look out," than to his want of attention. If the canal-boats should be generally provided with steam engines, the danger will be greatly increased by the speed of the boat, since those who are not killed after having struck against one of these bridges have to ascribe it principally to the slow progress of the canal-boat. The bridges ought either to be raised or a prohibition issued against walking on deck.

By retiring to the cabin, the traveller is indeed placed beyond the reach of all these dangers, but he is compelled at the same time to submit to many disagreeable circumstances which are peculiar to his new situation. The banks of the canal are often so very near the windows of the boat, that they exclude every distant view, and impress you with a feeling of restraint, which rises to a painful degree when the boat, in entering one of the locks, pushes against its walls with a noise which seems

to threaten its ruin, though there is no actual danger. Besides these somewhat disagreeable circumstances, which prevent the traveller from enjoying a tour on the Mohawk in one of these boats, it is principally the character of the great mass of the population along this canal which alternately excites the most lively sensations of pity and disgust, since it is the lowest portion of the Irish population, with which he becomes here acquainted. They confirm him in the conviction, if indeed he wanted confirmation, that the large mass of the population, who become naturalized in this country, remain foreigners in the most important sense of that term. A minute discussion, however, of this important subject, is as little suited to the narrow limits of this volume, as it is in harmony with the spirit of hope and joy, which we would endeavor to preserve uninterrupted on Christmas eve. I hasten, then, without further delay, to carry my readers to the city of Utica, where I left the boat without much regret.

After a short ride from Utica, which from many an elevated point has presented you with fine views of the town and the surrounding country, a scene of deep repose unfolds itself in the same degree as you are approaching the Rural Resort, as the hotel near Trenton Falls has justly been called. As soon as you have alighted, you are received by

the twilight shades of a beautiful forest, through which a path leads you to the chasm.

It is not, however, to the cascades, but to the gigantic and singular character of the rocks, towering up before you, that your attention is then principally attracted. In walking along the narrow path between the foot of these rocks and the margin of the stream, you meet now with castellated walls and high towers with their battlements and loopholes, and now find yourself suddenly placed before the immensely massive columns of some ancient temple, in which all the varieties of architecture seem combined; while at some distance a little hermitage, perched apparently on the high rock, is peeping from the midst of its verdant enclosure, and immediately near you on the banks of the stream a magnificent pulpit, constructed of circular masses of rock, seems to be waiting for the spirit of the waters, whose voice you hear, and whose preaching has hushed every evil thought within you. These are no far-fetched and fanciful similes. Together with a hundred other as different and as beautiful pictures, they present themselves to you almost at every step; now perhaps reminding you of the contrast between the idea of the infinite and your own transitory existence, and now again by their beauty and loveliness inviting you to seek there a permanent home.

Behold here a tree, which mysteriously growing up from amidst the crevices of the rock, stretches down its longing arms to the dashing stream: though far above the surface of the water, its crown is almost bathing in the silvery foam: thus it continues constant in its devotion, until it is rewarded at last with a grave by the side of the same stream with which it has vainly striven to be united during its short life of unsatisfied endeavor. Truly does that tree bear testimony of the longing of the spirit within you after Him who alone can quench its thirst forever. The Cabbalists, as well as Swedenborg, were right in a certain sense when they said, that all that exists on earth does also exist in heaven. There is a prophetic voice speaking in that tree, and you experience the fulfilment of the prophecy in your heart.

Or look at this long file of cedars on the top of the rock. They all have turned their evergreen branches to the genial light of the sun, and like so many floating pennons, seem to be placed there in honor of the triumphant course of the stream. Is it indeed only a simile, if we say that like these waving pennons, the soul of man longs to turn to the sun who has given light to it? Do we not rather meet here with one of the numberless analogies which unite the spiritual and natural world, and which we should find to exist in all the works of the latter, if our eyes were first unsealed?

Such thoughts have probably suggested themselves to many of those who have visited these scenes with minds susceptible to their elevating, ennobling, and—I may well use the term—spiritualizing influence. They did not confine themselves to inquiries concerning the geological order, thickness or color of those rocks, but found there more than the visible world presented to them.

They have also felt with us, that if on that beautiful spot many an earthly object may be said to assume an emblematical character, and to be invested with a reality which it wants in itself, on the other hand, the prose realities of this world intrude themselves in so unexpected a manner that every thought of beauty and sublimity seems to vanish. The dashing waves of one of the most picturesque waterfalls, for instance, are made subservient to the wants of a saw-mill, which is erected on the banks of the stream, and which, by its unseemly appearance, and by its character of humble utility, forms a most ludicrous contrast with the sublime scenes by which it is surrounded. Those who have it in their power ought to prevent such desecration of one of the most beautiful spots in the country, and preserve the visitor of Trenton Falls from an unpleasant interruption of his enjoyments. The same remark we might apply with equal justice to the narrowness and shortness of the walks. Mountaineers and others, who have been

much accustomed to gymnastic exercises, may climb at the peril of their lives two or three miles farther than the usual walk extends. Up to Boonbridge they will find the character of the rocks equally grand and varied, and many beautiful falls which deserve as greatly the attention of the visitor as most of those which are now generally accessible; but to the female world all these scenes are of course hidden treasures. We might add, that such an improvement of the means of access would probably induce many to continue at the Falls for a longer period than is now generally done, and the question whether they are not principally attracted by the excellent table at the Rural Resort could be more satisfactorily answered, than it is at present possible, when most of the visitors arrive shortly before and leave immediately after dinner. If we see at Saratoga Springs, or some other fashionable watering place, the beau monde assembled for many weeks from almost all the different parts of the Union, and then approach a beautiful retired spot like Trenton Falls, and are told by the public album, that they have been there like passenger birds hastening home, we feel inclined to embrace the opinion that a true love of natural scenery can hardly be a prominent feature in the national character of the Americans.

But it is, perhaps, their fondness of rapid and uninterrupted motion, which prevents them from

indulging their taste for the beautiful in nature. Unequalled quickness, and a developement that is unceasing in its progress, belong certainly to the most striking elements of American life. Quick, indeed, has been their growth from a few weak colonies into a powerful body politic, and quick is the motion of every limb of that body. Quick is their rotation both in office and in wealth, and with greater quickness still are they hastening into matrimony. Early marriages are here as frequent as German courtships of five or six years' standing are rare. Their very amusements are characterized by quickness. Whilst Rome had its gladiators, and Spain its auto-da-fes, America is satisfied with a self-moving locomotive. The beauty of the American fair, and that of field, forest and meadow, unfold themselves with the same rapidity. Now if quickness is thus manifested everywhere, should travelling alone be excepted from it? And after they have seen in less than three weeks the Falls of Niagara and Trenton, the White and the Blue hills, the natural bridge in Virginia and the artificial one at Washington,—is it astonishing, that they should find it necessary to rest for some time at Saratoga Springs?

But no!—This topic is too important and serious to indulge any longer in pleasantry or satire. It is only the patient study of nature, which can lead you to a right understanding of it and fill

you with true love for it. And without it, you can but little know with how exquisite a feeling of delight the Stranger has *experienced* what Shakspeare perhaps has only *thought*, when he says—

> How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.
> Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
> Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Without it—with all your astonishing and almost miraculous progress in every branch of the useful arts, and every kind of mechanism, how much of elevating enjoyment, of quickening and refreshing feeling, do you lose on your restless course through life!

In speaking of the very desirable extension and improvement of the walk on the margin of the Trenton falls, we ought to mention him who under God has been most conducive in presenting these falls to the public eye. It was John Sherman, the grandson of Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and a member of the first Congress, who first discovered and made known the beauties of Trenton falls. As I have seen the falls only at a season of great drought, I am induced to present to my readers the following extract from Sherman's description, which, as a true disciple of Yale, he closes with a short exegetical treatise on the creation of the world.

"The view of these falls," says Sherman, "varies exceedingly according to the plenitude or paucity of the waters. In the autumnal floods, and particularly the spring freshets, arising from the sudden liquefaction of snow in the northern country, the river is swelled a hundred fold, and comes rushing in a vast body of tumultuous foam from the summit rock into the broad bason at the bottom. It is at this time tremendous indeed, and overpowers man's feeble frame with the paralyzing impression of omnipotence."

Though you may justly complain, that his words, full of meaning and power, are sometimes breaking upon you like the cascades of Trenton, without your being prepared for it by the gradually increasing current of particles and adjectives,—he obviously possessed deep poetical feeling and a strong love for natural scenery, which sometimes breaks through all his far-fetched images. We cannot but love him, when after one of his powerful attempts at poetical description, he exclaims—

"Forgive me, Nature!—I have merely attempted to illustrate my own conceptions. Others, I know, are far more competent to minister in the gorgeous temple of thy praise!"

No, honest Sherman; it is the devotion of the heart, and not that of the head, which is to minister there, and in that respect few are better qualified than thy own humble self.

NEW ENGLAND.

But answer undissembling; tell me true;
Who art thou? whence? where stands thy city? where
Thy father's mansion? In what kind of ship
Cam'st thou? Why steered the mariners their course
To Ithaca? and of what land are they?
For that on foot thou found'st it not is sure.——COWPER'S ODYSSEY.

I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might put it in my prayers,)
What is your name?——SHAKSPEARE.

Welch Gewerb treibt dich
Durch des Tages Hitze den staubigen Pfad her?
Bringst du Waaren aus der Stadt
Im Lande herum?——GOETHE.

IN a country like ours, of which the Italian "lasciar far" seems to be the most appropriate motto, and free and voluntary action one of the most striking features, the peculiar and very different characters of the first settlers has naturally produced so powerful an influence on their descendants that even at the present day, it is everywhere visible, and will remain so for many ages yet to come. He who has visited in rapid succession the descendants of the Germans in Pennsylvania and Ohio, of the Dutch in New York and New Jersey, of the Scotch in North Carolina, of the French in Louisiana, and of the English in the New England

States, will probably think with us that only after the greatest familiarity with the early history of America, can the traveller arrive at a very satisfactory opinion concerning its present state, and the causes to which it owes its distinct and individual character; and that the practicability of applying the simple principles on which the government of this country is based, must necessarily depend on the degree of knowledge and morality to be found among the different classes of its population.

I was impressed in a very lively manner with the truth of these remarks, when, shortly after my excursions into the interior of the states of Pennsylvania and New York, I made a short journey through some of the New England states. We meet no longer here with the mistaken views concerning the relations of religion and society which gave rise to the promulgation of the law "that no one shall be a freeman or give a vote, unless he be converted, and a member in full communion of one of the churches allowed in this Dominion." "Quaker and Adamite" are no longer left without food or lodging, and the aversion to the established church, which caused the pilgrim fathers to proclaim that no one should read common prayer, or keep saints' days, and which induced them to include even *Christmas day* in this general condemnation, has given way to a more liberal and tolerant spirit, which does not pretend to make religious belief and prac-

tice subject to human legislation, as long as it does not interfere with the rights of others.

But in abandoning those mistaken views of the original settlers, many of their peculiar and endearing customs are faithfully retained, and serve as a sacred bond of union between the present and the past. It is from this point of view that the Stranger regards with deep interest the day which sees all the members of a family collecting around their head, in order to join in the enjoyments of social intercourse, and to dwell with a filial spirit on the day when their forefathers, with thankful hearts, first assembled around the festive board. From similar reasons, the custom of devoting Saturday eve to contemplation and religious exercises has been endeared to him,—a custom which prevails in most of the New England states; and when he hears the chiming of the bells in the evening, he sympathizes with the sons of New England, who are reminded by that sound of the hour when their forefathers ceased from their labors, and with a prayerful spirit committed their cares to the Lord.

It was not, however, by these religious customs alone, that on my first tour through New England I was strongly reminded of the peculiar character of the original settlers of this part of the country. In the political and social life, as well as in many personal peculiarities of the New Englander, you recognize in various forms that spirit of fearless

inquiry, of daring enterprize, and of incessant industry, which characterized the pilgrim fathers.

On a fine spring morning, and at that quiet hour when

> "The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
> And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire,"

I had started on foot from Hartford, with the intention of visiting some of the most interesting places in New England. The quotation might be applied literally to my case, when, by a sudden turn of my road, I had come in sight of a host of fire-flies, which were now rising in sparkling clouds, and now in serpentine flights partly disappearing in the forest, so that I found it at first somewhat difficult to persuade myself that it was not a conflagration which I saw before me. Soon, however, I felt at home among these bright and quiet companions, particularly as they seemed to be the only inhabitants of the silent forest. In Germany at that season of the year, and at that hour, it is the nightingale which, with her most plaintive and *soul-like* tones, seems to express a conscious regret in giving up her dominion to the lark, which, gradually rising in a beautiful spiral line, ushers in the new morn with a triumphal hymn.

The American forests, like the Americans themselves, seem to be without national music and song, and many of the beautiful references to the inhabi-

tants of the air with which we meet in the English poets, can but little interest the American, who is a stranger to those birds, while they remind the German of the delightful hour in which at home he listened to their songs. It is probably owing to this circumstance that the mocking-bird, the "Magnus Apollo" of the American forest, has been called the American nightingale, though this bird is almost entirely wanting in originality and individuality, and copies his fellow beings with so little discrimination, that whilst now, perhaps, you listen to his sweet imitations of the robin or the thrush, you may hear him, in the next moment, barking like a dog.

The light of the morning presented to me a series of pictures, which were not wanting in novel and very striking features. The numberless meeting-houses, which in New England far more than in other parts of the Union are generally adorned with spires and steeples, remind the traveller here again of the religious spirit by which the community is pervaded, and by the power of which, all these institutions of the gospel are supported by voluntary contributions. The neat school-houses which are seen from time to time at some distance from the road, and the very appearance of teachers and scholars, seem to speak well of the attention paid to elementary instruction, and almost at every step instances of the active and enterprising spirit present

themselves, by which the New Englander is enabled to avail himself of every opportunity of improving his situation, and of adding taste and comfort to the necessaries of life.

I had not proceeded very far on my journey, when I was joined by another pedestrian, who with very little ceremony introduced himself to me as a child of New England. "I know it is a Yankee question," said he, "but I cannot help asking, where do you come from?" Having been set at ease by the readiness with which I replied, he did not fail to express various suppositions and inferences concerning my person. My knapsack, and two books which I carried in my hand, induced him to believe that I was engaged in selling some popular work; the admiration with which I spoke of the beautiful scenery on the banks of the Connecticut, made him exclaim, in a voice that bespoke his anticipation of success, "Surely you are a painter;" and finally, when I happened to make some inquiries about the state of the public schools, he expressed the positive conclusion, that I must be a teacher!

I was more pleased than astonished or vexed with this inquisitiveness, since it was not by any means confined to personalities. Wherever we meet with a scattered population of active mental habits, without the means of acquiring extensive information, we shall find the same characteristic feature. Ulysses is always found ready to satisfy the ques-

tions addressed to him; and Paul, without even a shadow of reproof, avails himself of the inquisitiveness of the Athenians, to lead them to the cross of Christ. It is this feature in the New England character, which, under the influence of a high degree of cultivation, and divested of selfishness by the power of religion, or the habitual intercourse with good society, strongly resembles the ease and readiness with which strangers communicate in Germany, and which is often productive of the most interesting meetings, the most intimate friendships. It is owing to the entire absence of distinct orders, and to the great conflux of foreigners, which gives, as it were, a compound national character to this country, that this pleasing feature in the social tendencies of the Americans does not manifest itself with the same freedom as is the case in other countries; but it must become more prominent, in the same degree as the higher circles of society become more distinct and exclusive; however different the basis of this distinction may be from some of the continental countries.

In returning now once more to our New Englander, we ought to remember that it is owing to his fondness of inquiry that we find it perhaps more easy in New England than in any other part of the Union, to obtain important information concerning the different relations of public and private life, and almost every subject of general interest.

My companion, at least, did not form an exception to this rule. Having ascertained that I was then on my way to New Haven, he directed me to visit the grave of the judges of Charles I., who were hospitably received by the colony, when compelled to leave England; he spoke of the dangers to which they were exposed, when they were pursued by the soldiers of Charles II., and of the happy manner in which their minister interested his flock in their behalf, by addressing them in the language of Isaiah—"Take council, execute judgment, make thy shadow as the night in the midst of noon-day; hide the outcasts; betray not him that wandereth. Let my outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." He even described the cave in which the judges were concealed, and the bridge beneath which they found a safe retreat, while their pursuers were riding over it to continue their idle search; and finally, concluded with the remark, that even until the present day their grave-stones had been left untouched, while all the others had been removed. By these and many other interesting details, I was not only assisted in entering deeply into the spirit and character of the community to which he belonged, but I likewise found that many of my views in regard to the early history of New England were both modified and enriched by his communications; and I was more than ever confirmed in the conviction, that

the stranger must literally intermingle with all the classes of the people, if he wishes to enter into their modes of thought, and into the causes by which their views of life have been formed. It is by such a course, and not by confining himself to the study or the saloon, that in a christian spirit he will have a right to adopt the well-known motto—"I am a man, and feel akin to everything human;" that in the heart of America he will meet with aged men who are intelligent as well as contented, and little inclined to ask, in the language of the French citizen—"Can we not be a little more equal than our friends?" and with young men who are ready to say, in the spirit of Telemachus—

> "Shame bids the youth beware
> How he accosts the man of many years;"

that he may see a servant who combines the dignity of a republican with the devotion of a Caleb, parting from his hosts, who, in spite of the general influence of their occupation, have preserved a warm heart beating in their bosoms. After a few days of acquaintance, they have become so much attached to him, that they cannot bear the thought of being left without further news from him; and their new friend, in return, readily promises to "drop them a line." In short, on such excursions among the people you may meet, again and again, with a spirit of "Gemüthlichkeit, Sinnigkeit und Innigkeit,"—to

which the Germans sometimes, though unjustly, claim an exclusive right, because their language alone is able to express it. Truly, indeed, says the great poet—

> "All places that the eye of heaven visits,
> Are to the wise man ports and happy havens."

In the city of "brotherly love," and in that of "elm trees," on the peaks of the Highlands and in the cottage of the New England farmer, you may often, like the traveller among the Lotophagi, feel "at home," and experience without regret that the recollections of the happy hours which you have spent on the banks of the Connecticut, or the Hudson, are imperceptibly and delightfully mingling with your reminiscences of the Rhine or—the Pregel!

It was shortly after my arrival in New Haven that I became more intimately acquainted with some of the modifications and alterations, which the enactments of the early settlers had undergone. In the same state, where once the drum, the trumpet, and the jews-harp alone were allowed to be played, German ballads set to music, and accompanied by the piano, are now frequently heard from American lips, and are received with general favor. When Schubart's composition of the *Erlkönig*, for instance, was once sung and played in the presence of several Americans, one of them exclaimed, with

great enthusiasm and true feeling—"Who can hear this without being deeply moved?"—and paid thus a genuine tribute to the poet and composer, as well as to the performer, a lady from Philadelphia, who with a kindred spirit had deeply entered into their joint production, and thus unconsciously shown, that though without national music, the American may sometimes feel consoled by the poetical power with which he transposes himself, as it were, into the musical life of other nations.

The stranger who has once visited New Haven, cannot but dwell again and again on the enlightened and well-directed taste for almost every branch of science, which pervades the community in general, and the great attention paid, particularly by the female world, to German literature and music. In the language of Madame de Stael:—"On mene dans cette campagne nommée ville une vie regulière, occupée et serieuse, on n'y degrade jamais son esprit par des interêts futiles et vulgaires."

The following translation, in which the spirit of the original is most happily preserved, was prepared in New Haven by the lady of whom I have spoken above, and will serve to prove the truth of our remarks, as in part they have been suggested by it. It was originally published in the Christian Spectator, with the explanatory remarks preceding it.

THE LOST CHURCH.

[The poet is speaking of the tradition respecting a lost Church, and the occasional sounding of its bell. In this tradition he finally recognizes the spirit of martyrdom and self-devotion, of that deep and fervent, all-pervading piety which once characterized the church; and in the sound of the bell, he hears the voice of conscience, whose tones of solemn admonition are reverberating in undying faithfulness.]

Far in the forest's thickly wooded green,
The sound of bells is heard, as from above;
The rush of waters to the dark ravine
Sweeps not more wildly;—yet can none remove
The mists which ever hang upon the sound,
And e'en tradition is in silence bound.

From the lost church, 't is said, the chime is borne,
And by the wind to this dark forest brought;
The path deserted now, defaced and torn,
How many travellers once with ardor sought!
To the lost church the narrow pathway led,
But every vestige of that path has fled.

As late I wandered to that leafy shade,
Where trodden path no longer marks the sod,
My soul against corruption seemed arrayed;
I wept, and longed to find a home with God!

In this lone spot, the bell's mysterious voice,
With hollow murmurings, seemed to say—*Rejoice!*

Darkness and silence hung on all around;
Again I heard the deep and solemn chime,
And as I followed the unearthly sound,
My soul, exalted, left the things of time;
Thou holy trance! e'en now I cannot tell
How all my being rose beneath that bell.

An age, it seemed, had been vouchsafed to me,
To dream the clouds of sin and sense away;
Clear as the light, a space unbounded, free,
Above the mists, unclosed with brightest day.
How bright that sun! how deeply blue that sky!
And there a minster stood in sanctity.

It shone resplendent in the gorgeous ray,
And winged winds seemed bearing it afar;
The steeple's point had vanished quite away,
Far, far beyond the light of sun and star;
Yet still I caught the ringing of that bell,
With sound more sweet than ever words can tell.

Yes, from the steeple they came floating by,
Yet not by mortal hand the peal was given;
It breathed of light, and love, and harmony,
Moved by the blessed violence of heaven.
The very sound seemed near my heart to beat,
And drew within that splendid dome my feet.

Oh! how I felt within that sweet abode!
The windows darkly gleamed with antique hue,
The mystic light o'er painted martyrs glowed,
And into life the holy portraits grew:
Upon a world of sainted ones I gazed;
I heard the hymn the noble martyrs raised.

Before that altar I devoutly bowed,
And deepest love my all of being filled:
Upon the ceiling heaven's image glowed;
That golden glory every passion stilled.
But see, the arches of the dome are rent!
Up to the gates of God my eye is bent.

The splendors of that mighty dwelling-place!—
Those shining walls!—the crystal fountains there!
And wonders which a creature dares not trace!—
But let them move the sinner's soul to prayer.
Oh! ye to whom that solemn bell shall ring,
Take heed, and listen to its murmuring!

THE GERMAN EMIGRANT.

> Viewing thee, no fears we feel
> Lest thou, at length, some false pretender prove,
> Or subtle hypocrite, of whom no few,
> Disseminated o'er its face, the earth
> Sustains, adepts in fiction, and who frame
> Fables, where fables could be least surmised.
>
> COWPER'S ODYSSEY.

HOWEVER impossible it may be to obtain an exact statistical view of the German emigrants in this country, since they are regarded as American citizens after they have resided a few years among us, and have submitted to certain prescribed forms, it is well known that thousands and tens of thousands of these emigrants are spread over most of the States of the Union, and that every year brings many new settlers to our shores, who disperse over this country as seems to be best suited to their several occupations. But though in numerical respects you may find it difficult to arrive at any degree of certainty, it is much more easy to become acquainted with many prominent features of their general character. Whether you see them as pioneers, struggling through every difficulty, and overcoming every obstruction—or whether you visit them, when collected in families and quietly enjoying the fruits of their agricultural labors—or whether, finally,

you meet with the German merchant and mechanic mingling in the larger cities with the American population—they enjoy everywhere the reputation of being a hard-working, temperate and honest people, little inclined to give way to temptations to which the lower classes of society are generally exposed, and highly susceptible to those religious and intellectual influences which they have enjoyed at home. However attached they may be to each other, and to their native land and language, they are found ready to adapt themselves to the customs and habits of the country of their adoption, to acquire its language, and to take a share in the voluntary burthens which are inseparable from our state of society. It is to this spirit that the German Charitable Societies owe their origin, to which I once more direct the attention of my reader, since they serve as effectual and important means of bringing about the virtual naturalization of the foreigner, of making him a useful citizen in every point of view. The fundamental principles laid down by these societies differ in general very little from each other, but the spirit in which these principles have been applied by the German Charitable Society of Boston—to whose Board I am indebted for the details here communicated—and various regulations which have been suggested by the peculiar situation of its members, call for a more particular reference, and deserve to be generally known and recommended.

Having been formed by the German residents in that city, "without regard to political or religious parties,—as their constitution expresses it,—with the object of exciting among themselves a fraternal spirit; to supply the needy and newly arrived with advice and employment, and the sick and feeble with pecuniary assistance;" the society has succeeded in fostering, among its members, a lively feeling of sympathy, and a strong impulse to advance its object, by establishing an intelligence office, "for the purpose of advertising for labor and laborers, and of collecting and communicating all possible information in regard to the intercourse of the German emigrants and the native Americans."

It is owing to this intelligence office, and to the advertisements connected with it, that many new and important ties have been formed between them and their American fellow citizens, and that they have been encouraged and animated to persevering efforts in discovering and relieving their suffering countrymen. As soon as an honest journeyman or active laborer happens to be thrown out of employment, or as often as a German emigrant arrives from another part of the country, and is capable of satisfying the Board in regard to his character, the society pledge themselves to the public in regard to his conduct and capacities, and in general, obtain very readily a suitable place for him. They thus confer a greater benefit on the community and

the individual than could be done by the most munificent donations; for, as President Wayland justly observes, "in general those modes of charity are to be preferred, which most successfully teach the object to relieve himself, and which tend most directly to the moral benefit of both parties. And on the contrary those modes of charity are the worst which are farthest removed from such tendencies." Again, by receiving not Germans only, but also native Americans as members, the Society has opened a way by which the foreigner is introduced at once into the bosom of the community, in which he is to play an active part. It is by this regulation, that many little prejudices to which various foreign customs may naturally give rise are effectually removed; that the intelligent and cultivated among the German population are enabled to become the interpreters—not of the language only—but of the true meaning of many national peculiarities in the character of their countrymen, which the American sometimes regards as dangerous merely because they are different from his own. Thus the honest man who, perhaps, has been falsely accused or calumniated by some unprincipled countryman who envies his success, is freed from every suspicion, and enabled to go on without obstruction in his honest labors.

But if in this manner the society seems to have taken very judicious steps in order to in-

crease and strengthen the sympathies between its members and that community by which they are immediately surrounded, they have likewise taken some preliminary measures to form a regular intercourse with other German societies in the different parts of the Union; so that those Germans, who wish to exchange one place for another, or to emigrate to the West, may not be entirely beyond the reach of their friends, if their situation should call for their assistance. "The Germans," we would say with Professor Mühlenfels, "will be found admirable fathers, virtuous members of society, loyal subjects, eminent scholars, but—careless citizens;" referring thus to their political character;—but we would add at the same time that they are far from being incorrigible; that it is in our power to make them useful also in this respect, and that those Charitable Societies are an important means in realizing this object, by uniting the emigrant and his host in labors of love. Indeed, it seems hardly possible that by his own endeavors the foreigner should become capable in the short space of five years to discharge faithfully the duties of a citizen of the United States, after he has lived for thirty or forty years under a monarchical form of government, and when arrived in this country, has been separated to a great extent from the rest of the community by a difference of language, or prevented by incessant labor from acquainting himself with the peculiar character of this

government. It seems impossible, I say, in regard to the German emigrant, who is generally capable and willing to assimilate with his neighbor, without divesting himself of his individuality, and it *is* certainly impossible in regard to those foreigners, who with an unbending and exclusive spirit keep aloof from every change in the national views and peculiarities which they imbibed in their own country. "Let the Americans beware, (says a well-known foreigner,) of extending the rights of citizenship indiscriminately to foreign emigrants;" and although there is often something in such laconic warnings addressed to a whole people, which savors of Shakspeare's "I would croak like a raven, I would bode! I would bode!" it cannot prevent us from adding, that until the naturalization laws shall be changed—which indeed may never be the case—let us engage in enlightening those to whom we extend these privileges. It is likely, indeed, that in less than half a century the Germans in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia will be almost entirely absorbed by the Anglo-American population, as has been the case partly with the Dutch in the State of New York, and with the Swedes in Delaware; but it will be caused by very different reasons. It is not owing to an entire ceasing of new arrivals, but to the fact that the great mass of the emigrants now direct their course to the far West, where this division of language and feeling must be perpetuated.

But in tracing the consequences of the entire neglect of these strangers, we cannot shut our eyes against many favorable indications, which show us with how much interest this subject is generally regarded. Men of the most different views in religion and politics have shown a perfectly catholic spirit in regard to the duties which Americans owe to themselves with reference to the foreigner. You meet now with one who has adopted the gifted child of some indigent family, with another who is rather a friend than a master to his German servant, and with a third who devotes his leisure hours to the instruction of the foreigner. They cannot forget, that in this free country there are many who, from causes over which they have no control, remain strangers even to the meaning of the word Freedom; they cannot regard the mere physical well-being of the emigrant, nor the fact that he has formally abjured his allegiance to every foreign power, as sufficient to make him a useful citizen in a republic.

It will be readily understood that the Stranger is much more able to become acquainted with the wants of his countrymen than with the means by which these wants may be satisfied; and it is therefore with diffidence that he closes this chapter with the inquiry, whether the usefulness of the Public Schools in the principal cities of the Union might not be greatly increased by the addition of

an Anglo-German branch, in which the children of the German emigrants might be instructed through the medium of the German language, until they are capable of proceeding with their American companions.

The emigrants, when they arrive from Germany, I repeat it, are ready to avail themselves of the means of religious and intellectual cultivation, as soon as they are placed within their power; but if no steps are taken to preserve them under such influences, they and their children cannot but degenerate.

THE STRANGER'S HOPE.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.—Psalms xlii. 1.

In the midst of the realms of existence, there is a sun, which sustains and preserves everything; and there is an eye, which is itself of sun-like nature, and made for that sun. The Sun is God; the eye is the soul.

Neither the terrors nor the dread, which come to man on the wings of the storm, or in the thunder of the avalanche, or the eruptions of the volcano,—it is not these, which have first proclaimed to him, that there is a God; nor is it from the starry heavens,—letters, as it were, of his creation,—that man has derived this knowledge. Deep as the longing, which, in the new-born babe, calls for the mother, of whom it yet knows nothing; loud as the crying of the young raven, after food which he has never yet tasted; strong and intense as the urgency with which the eye, when unsealed, or the plant, when breaking from its capsule, seeks the light, which they have never before felt;—such is the longing which I feel through my whole being, for the living fountain of all being, from which I have derived my existence.

Should I take the wings of the morning, and fly where the last waves of the visible world are lost; should I descend into darkness, where there is no star, where the cries of anxiety, the loud manifestations of joy, nay, where even the softest breathing of life, is no longer heard; and should I remain there, alone and solitary, yet I should feel that He upholds me; I should perceive his nearness, like the rustling of the eagle's wing in the stilly night; I should perceive something within me, on which it rests; so is there a desire within my bosom, which takes its way through the midst of the creation, unto God.

Translated from v. Schubart.

It was in the early part of the spring of the present year, when at a social meeting of several of the German residents in Boston, among other topics, that of religion was touched, and the fact stated that with the exception of domestic devotions, they were almost entirely beyond the pale of religious influence, since they had found neither

time nor opportunity to learn English enough to understand the whole of a discourse; a fact which can hardly excite our astonishment, if we remember that in general most of those emigrants who speak a foreign language, become intimately acquainted with the various terms which belong to every-day life, while they learn but very little of the language which refers to their internal and spiritual life. There had been several exertions made by them to satisfy their longings after religious knowledge, and the edifying influence of social worship. The pious father of a family might be seen to collect on the Sabbath his children and a few friends, in order to unite in singing German hymns, and in offering up a prayer in their native language. Instances of this kind, however, were but very rare, and the great majority of the German population were almost without the light of the gospel, though they might not be wholly ignorant of the treasure of which they were thus deprived. We may infer this at least from the ready manner with which they assembled around one of their countrymen, when they were told that he was able and willing to assist them in the right understanding of the Bible. Availing themselves of the *spiritual hospitality*, with which they were treated by their Christian brethren, they began to hold regular meetings. With every new Sabbath, the interest with which they regarded the continuance of this

Bible class was more strongly manifested, till finally the power of the gospel, applied to their hearts in their own *mother* tongue, prompted them to express an ardent desire of organizing a society, that they might secure to themselves the means of religious instruction.

It now became obvious that the various obstructions and difficulties which sometimes threatened to interrupt their meetings, and which even the kindness of their friends could not entirely remove, had been sanctified to their hearts as so many trials, by which they were to experience that "the poor in spirit are blessed." The wish above referred to seemed the more deserving of attention, as experience has but too often taught us that individual influence in such cases is but of comparatively small importance, if no means are taken by which the several members may be enabled to exercise a regular and mutual influence on each other. As most of the individuals concerned had in their youth, by confirmation, become regular members of the Lutheran Reformed or Evangelical churches in Germany, it was thought proper to adopt the principles of the latter as the basis of the religious views, since the Evangelical Church is formed by a union of the Reformed and Lutheran churches. My readers are probably aware of the fact, that in Prussia, and in several of the lesser states of Germany, a kind of ecclesiastical compromise has taken place, between the

Reformed or Calvinistic and the Lutheran churches. The latter have generally abandoned Luther's view of consubstantiation, while the rigidity with which Calvin proclaimed the doctrine of predestination, is but little approved of by the German Calvinistic divines of the present day. From the works of Schleiermacher, and of his successor, Tiresten, my readers may become acquainted more particularly with the character of this union. The governments under whose auspices it has taken place frequently evince so tolerant a spirit in regard to these three denominations, that at one time you may meet with Evangelical divines presiding over Lutheran flocks, while at another the reverse will take place. The membership of the several individuals belonging to any particular church, as in the time of the apostles—though not always in the spirit which characterized that time—is decided by their habitual attendance and worship with it, after they have once passed through a preparatory course of religious instruction, and publicly confirmed the vows made for them in their infancy.

Under the charge of a faithful minister, this admission of members by confirmation furnishes him with the means of influencing directly and privately, every one of the younger members of the flock, and he has thus an opportunity of increasing the kingdom of the Redeemer, which those denominations do not enjoy, who are with-

out this early course of religious instruction. It is my own individual experience, and the influence produced on a little class which is now preparing for admission to the society in Boston, which has confirmed me in this view.

As several of the Evangelical societies in this country are connected with the German Lutheran Synods, and as common religious opinions and a common language form a natural tie between these two bodies, the society resolved to send a delegation to the next meeting of the Synod, which took place at Clermont in the state of New York in the beginning of the month of September, with a view of making the necessary arrangements for the proposed connection. It was then that the missionary committee of that Synod—agreeably to the request made to them —sent one of their ministers to the orphan flock in this city, that they might have preaching in their own language, and partake of the Lord's supper as they had been wont to do in their native land.

Schmucker, in his Popular Theology, a work which we recommend to those of our readers who wish to become more intimately acquainted with the relations of the Lutheran church in this country, after having spoken of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Congregational churches, remarks in regard to the Lutheran church, as found in the United States, that it is *eclectic* in its nature; "it embraces all those principles and precepts, of permanent obliga-

tion, which are contained in the New Testament, and such other regulations dictated by reason, best adapted to the genius of our free republican institutions, and calculated most successfully to advance the cause of Christ. The fundamental features of this system are the following, viz. 1. Parity of ministers. 2. Co-operation of ruling elders as representatives of the church. 3. Union of the churches within the limits of a synod for the regular purposes of review and government. 4. Special conferences for the purpose of holding stated protracted meetings."

In point of government, then, the Lutheran churches combine some of the elements of the Presbyterian and Congregational churches, while in their mode of admitting members, in their liturgies, the observance of festivals, and other peculiarities of less importance, they approach the views and customs of the Episcopal church.

An infant society, like that of Boston, might justly expect to derive great advantages from the advice and the exertions of the numerous body of German Lutheran divines in this country; and the fraternal and truly christian spirit with which the Boston delegate was received at Clermont, did not disappoint them in these expectations. The synod immediately consented that one of their number should go to Boston, in order to become inti-

mately acquainted with the wants of the society. Being afterwards informed that they were desirous of having the minister, with whom they had thus become acquainted, permanently settled over them, the members of the synod took immediately the necessary preparatory steps for freeing their colleague, in the course of next spring, from his present engagements, and of assisting the society in other respects as long as they should be in want of assistance.

It must be principally ascribed to the want of connection between church and state, that in the United States, perhaps, more than in any other country, the slightest difference of opinion in matters of religion tends to produce immediately an external separation between the differing members. Without entering at present upon the causes or the character of this spirit, we shall confine ourselves to say, that its existence would have perhaps sufficed to induce the members of the German society to preserve the little peculiarities which distinguish them from other sects. They were, however, influenced by far more powerful motives in continuing to worship the God of their fathers in the manner which was peculiar to them. The German emigrant is to be won over to the service of the Lord, not only by hearing the gospel preached in his own language, but by recognizing in this stranger-flock the same characteristics with which he had become acquainted in his earliest youth. Regarding the

subject from this point of view, we may consider the very *name* which these foreign societies bear as a matter of no trifling importance, be that name Lutheran, Reformed, or Evangelical. But while they are decided in adhering to those forms, and in professing those views, which have been sanctioned to them both by habit and their individual convictions—while they hope to manifest a spirit which is hostile to indifference in regard to the most important of human concerns—and while they confidently trust that by this course they shall secure to themselves the favor of God as well as the respect of their fellow men, they would at the same time earnestly strive to preserve in their hearts a spirit of christian tolerance, which must lead them to respect the religious views and professions of others, however different they may be from their own. "Judge not, that ye be not judged," saith the Lord.

After this short historical sketch of the German Evangelical Society in Boston, my reader is perhaps desirous of knowing what they are to do until next spring, whether they continue to be instructed in the Bible, or whether they are left once more without any other resource except their private devotions, together with various other questions, which the situation of such a society may naturally suggest.

"Lo, the winter is past, (said the few to each other, when first assembling,) the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land!" But their rejoicings were yet heightened when they were led to turn their eyes from the external world, where they felt, that together with their numbers their interest in the cause of Christ was rapidly increasing; and when the autumn had gone by, and its fruitful trees and well-stored granaries had been emblems to them of the spiritual fruits which they had borne, they again turned to each other saying—"The grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away, but the word of the Lord shall stand forever." Every Sabbath you may hear them unite in prayer, and in the singing of German hymns, while the want of an organ is supplied by the voluntary labors of three or four German amateurs; you may see them listening attentively to the biblical explanations of their teacher, or if sickness should prevent him from being present, to some well-selected printed sermon, read by one of their number. Availing themselves thus faithfully of the means of grace which they enjoy at present, they look forward with love and longing to the time when they shall enjoy all the religious privileges to which they had been accustomed at home. Their minister will preach to them partly in English and partly

in German, and those Germans who have intermarried with natives will no longer be compelled to go to different places of worship on account of their difference of language. Nor is their resolution to have English preaching in their church the only proof which they have given of their readiness to assimilate themselves to the Americans. But a few days ago, for instance, they assembled to listen to the governor's proclamation, which had been translated for them into German; and though many of them, unlike their American hosts, are here without a family circle with which they might unite in thanksgiving and praise, they were consoled by the consciousness that they felt towards each other as members of the same family, as the "children of God;" for "our conversation," they said, "is in heaven, whence alone we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."

It is not in accordance with my feelings and views, to attend foreign service with a view of acquiring a knowledge of the language in which it is held, but I do not hesitate to say that every American should at least once in his life enter a place of foreign worship. He will there meet with the most healthful portion, the true *elite* of that foreign population: and he will learn to respect them. They have prayed with Agur—"Give me neither poverty nor riches, but feed me with food convenient for me;" and

their prayers have been granted. Their very faces show that they are men of humble hearts, whose "pursuit of happiness" consists partly in the grateful, unassuming spirit with which they receive even the slightest favor conferred on them, and in their earnest endeavors to guard themselves—to speak in the language of Dana—against "that tyranny of opinion which leaves to no man the freedom of his own thoughts; that prying spirit, which *mouses him out* in his most secret retirements; and that meddling disposition, which puts shackles upon the freedom of all his acts."

But, perhaps, you would know, reader, whether they are entirely without sore trials, whether there is nothing to disturb this continuation of heavenly joys, whether the children of God are not often filled with grief and compassion at the foolish course of the worldling?

Though you may not find in this little flock the external wall of separation which in many of the New England congregations exists between church and society, the internal division between those who only attend these meetings because their hearts re-echo the chime of bells, as it were, which comes to them from their "lost Church," and those others, who relying for heaven solely on a Saviour's blood, indulge the hope, that, justified by their faith, they are the children of God, is probably equally great, and as familiarly known to their

teacher; nor are the latter, who cannot regard this passing world as their only treasure, without many peculiar temptations; but they have found, and they hope to find consolation and comfort under all the trials imposed on them in that blessed faith which they profess.

Even now you might almost imagine to see a tear glistening in their eyes, and a smile of resignation passing over their sad countenances, when you hear them complain with a voice of deep sadness, that at a time when in Germany all the spiritual influences, to which the heart of man is accessible, seemed to be concentrated, they are to remain without the preached gospel, without the reviving power of the holy ordinances, brought near and impressed on their hearts by the medium of a language which they can understand. But even at such times they are not left without hope, for they remind each other again and again, that this is the last Christmas which they are to spend as an orphan flock in a foreign land.

After having joined you, kind American reader, in celebrating the day which has secured to you—as is devoutly to be hoped—the enjoyment of political independence; after having met you with hearts full of gratitude in the presence of Him, who has prospered you in almost all the enterprises in which you have engaged since that memorable day, we now indulge the hope that you also will not disdain

to enter into our Christmas joys. It is on this day that we celebrate a world's deliverance from misery and sin, and that we offer thanks and praise to Him who "will have all men to be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth." We have told you, that particularly on this day the images and pictures of the past are rising before our inner view, but that we experience at the same time that a gleam of hope is thrown into the time to come. It is with this delightful consciousness that we now take leave of you, reader. It is with the hope that this little flock, which the Holy Spirit has planted here, may under His influence be watered and abundantly strengthened and increased by the shepherd who is to take charge of this flock, that every one of its members "may be encompassed within the gentle enclosures of redeeming love," and that finally they may be found among the thousands and thousands who are saying—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!"

This, reader, is the THE STRANGER'S HOPE.

CONCLUSION.

It has been said of Goethe, that he never entered upon a new enterprise without being fully convinced that he should be able to carry it through. I should heartily rejoice if I had imitated the prudent course of the great poet in regard to this little volume. I need not state explicitly, that it is the spontaneous production of a few leisure hours, and that from want of time its publication has been much hurried, since my reader has no doubt become aware of it from various defects in style and manner. And yet I would not ask his indulgence on account of the imperfect form in which this little Gift is presented, without at the same time expressing the hope, that the *Christmas spirit* in which these pages have been written will dispose him to regard them with the eye of a friend rather than a critic. It is likewise owing to want of time, that I have been prevented from developing satisfactorily many of the views, the expression of which a sense of duty did not permit me to delay, and from adding others which it was my intention to communicate; though I hope to find, in the course of next year, an opportunity of embodying them in

another "Gift." To direct the attention of the stranger's Friend to the situation of the emigrant, who often arrives friendless on our shores, and to draw closer—as far as may be in my power—the intellectual bonds, by which at present this country is united to the land of my birth, are two of the principal though not the only ends I have proposed to myself in reference to this little publication.

The somewhat peculiar manner in which my views of life have been formed has put me in the possession of facts, and has permitted me to make observations which I wish to communicate to my fellow men, because I believe that they may be benefited by becoming acquainted with them. It will not be very difficult then, I hope, to express what I am certain I ought to say. At one time the simple historical style may prove the most successful, at another time the garb of fiction may serve to make palatable some wholesome but unwelcome truth; while in a third case, perhaps, faithful translations from our distinguished writers may be found the most successful means of advancing my views.

But it is time now to bid you farewell, kind reader. May you feel at this season of joy that "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" a truth which I have experienced at my own heart in preparing this Christmas Gift for you. May you not be without a hospitable roof, if you should ever

sojourn in a foreign land, and, when at home, may you be mindful of the beautiful advice, addressed to you in the sacred volume—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

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